

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Gotta Get That Doe"

(feat. Pakman)

Yo whattup Pakman  
(Aiyyo whattup Bis, I'm waitin for the Rip Off man)  
Yo I just wanna know one thing (What's that?)  
You ready to get that dough (No doubt)  
AIGHT!!

*[Chorus: Canibus + Pakman]*

We be the rippers that'll bring if you act shady  
After we fry you, we puff a blunt and then it's gravy  
And you can keep her cuz we don't care about ya lady  
Iiiii've gotta get that dough! AIGHT!!

*[Canibus]*

Aiyyo it's only a handlefull of rap critics  
That every had a close-encounter with this rap wizard  
You wack rappers can't rip it  
In other words your lyrics are to primitive  
You need to be more descriptive  
Look at the way I flipped it, a True Hollywood Story  
I manipulated this miserable music business  
Then I caked off two, by going independent  
How much you make an album? About ten cents  
I make about ten cents, every sentence  
It's my third album and I'm workin on my tempence  
I don't brag; I'm keep it modest  
I'm ain't hot; I'm the hottest  
I'm not being pompous, I went through a process  
I used to be a prophit, now I make profits  
You sound like garbage, one of these days you gon' end up jobless  
Pushin a shoppin cart with the same Cristal bottles  
you was drinkin out of when shit was poppin  
I seen a episode on VH1 Documents  
They talked about your drug addiction and what was behind it  
The bottom line is, how much you sold  
No one gives a fuck if you blow, you gotta get that dough  
I'm tired of niggaz talkin about it, but I can't live without it  
I'm stuck if I ain't got it, so what's the logic?  
Should I talk about material objects, and get on some  
"How you like me now bitch," wearing a shiny outfit?  
(Nah Bis, don't do that come on) Yeah, I know, I know  
But no matter what I do I'ma get that dough, fo' sho'!

*[Chorus x2]*

*[Pakman]*

When I get at you niggaz, ain't nuttin personal I gotta

Everything you spit, I'm predictin it's double copper  
You the type of nigga to force a nigga to rock ya  
Always got ya'self up in the middle of the drama  
Frontin for nothin cuz ya niggaz told me you pussy  
Need to get smarter and try to holler at the rookies  
Fuck with Canibus & Pak and get that ass a coffin  
FUCK what you thinkin faggot, we rippin niggaz open  
Now is a new day and we be focused on the paper  
Still'll get in you but the feeling for dough is greater  
Piling with hate and you need to holler at the maker  
If you don't do it now, then you gotta face it later  
Don't even think about tryna dim a nigga shinin  
You gon' fuck around and get slapped up with the iron  
Everything we do is connected with gettin paper  
And you ain't talk about it, so nigga I'll see you later

*[Chorus x2]*

*[Canibus]*

If ya know where ya comin from, ya know where ya goin  
I wouldn't doubt myself, not even for a moment  
I'm proud of my music cuz it's dope and I wrote it  
True Hollywood Stories opens in October  
Directed by none other than Canibus for a coper  
It's no stoppin me, my commodity is growin  
I'll fly anywhere on this planet to promote it  
Maybe I should come out with my own line of clothing  
I printed up some Canibus shirts and I sold 'em  
I jump on stage, and I prove I'm a showman  
Can-I-Bus is a microphone omen  
I slam it when I'm done to make sure that it's broken  
The industry's sick, man I'm already knowin  
Never had the luxury to choose, I was chosen  
Where I come from, opportunity is golden  
Platinum I already sold it, NO SHIT!!

*[Chorus x2]*